

George Turner

Vol 13

1

The Gamosun



Xmas.. 1920

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The CAMOSUN

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NUMBER 1

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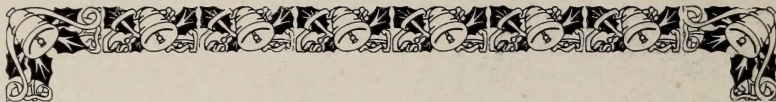
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Greetings

The Principal wishes the Staff
and all the Pupils of Victoria High School
a Merry Christmas
and a very Happy New Year

Alexander Thomson
Edwin Gillam

Thomas G. Wilson

Jim McConnell.

H. Lewis Coates

Robert Horpe.

Charlie Owen

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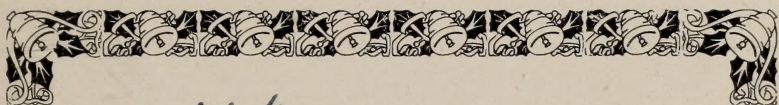
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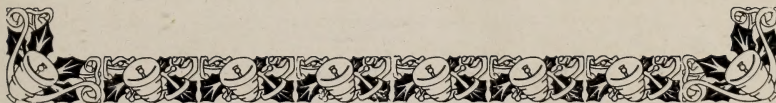
Wm. L. Raway

R. M. Smith





Dear Mr. Greetings
Lennas Shing Lee
Shing Lee



The Philosophical Sportsman's Autumn

THE sun was slowly sinking behind the western mountains, and already the chill night breezes, creeping up from the small forest lake, reminded me that winter's legions were already assembling to the attack. Nothing disturbed the almost oppressive silence, except the occasional splash of a rising trout from the misty waters, or the clear notes of the quail "coveying" for the night. Nature had almost finished her year's work once more, and the whole land was slowly, inevitably settling down for the "Great Rest." The denizens of forest, field and stream, both large and small, mysteriously warned, were scurrying hither and thither, engaged in their various tasks of providing for the lean months which were rapidly approaching, when "King Frost" would lay his iron grip o'er dale and grove. The squirrels and chipmunks, filling the silent woods with their noisy chatterings, scattered panic-stricken before the lumbering bear anxiously searching for his winter abode. Even the inhabitants of lake and stream would shortly settle into a semi-dormant condition, only to awaken when the warm days of Spring should once more roll round.

The morning dawns clear and cold, and while the sizzling bacon fills the surrounding air with an appetizing odor, the sun's first rays, filtering through the bare branches, dispel the mists which enshroud my little lake. But the forest still drips with dew as I make my way, gun in hand, toward a favorite dell which long experience has taught me is much favored by certain of the feathered tribe. Suddenly, and without warning, a blue grouse roars out from under my feet and whirrs off through the trees, startling me from my silent reverie. But soon a brace of quail are lovingly smoothed into the game bag and I recover my confidence, which had been rudely shaken by my first dismal failure. And so through forest and field and o'er stubble fields I make my pleasant way until the lengthening shadows warn me of evening's approach. I must turn homewards. How pleasant the autumnal woods are this evening with their carpet of dead leaves and with their beautiful brown and red tints! Once more seated before the crackling evening fire, I placidly review the day's triumphs and disasters with a mind mellowed by the memory of a perfect day. What matters it if I did miss that grouse! Did he not deserve his freedom? And the pheasant which sailed away unharmed through my futile fusilade of shot! Was he not more beautiful roaming his favorite haunts? And my sleepy eyes gaze with huge satisfaction upon the dark silhouette of those quail gently swinging to and fro from my tent-pole. In a very few minutes I am hunting again, dropping innumerable birds with clock-like precision—in my dreams.

And so the days pass in perfect peace and happiness. Today finds me hidden in the marshes, scanning the leaden sky for my prey—the wild ducks. Tomorrow may find me sneaking through the almost impassable bush, with every sense alert to catch sight of the

suspicious deer. But whether successful or not, every day is stamped indelibly on my memory.

But the dawn of my last day of freedom breaks, and tomorrow I must return to the great city to again resume my weary, monotonous grind. My faithful and constant companion, my gun, has been carefully cleaned and tenderly packed away, for I will spend today rod in hand, splashing through the merry mountain stream which empties into my little lake. The sound of the rushing waters soon drives away all melancholy thoughts and as I wade through the icy ripples, here and there doing battle with its beautiful, speckled warriors, I become as light-hearted and happy as a schoolboy. There is a flash of silver, my "Coachman" disappears, the line cuts through the water, the reel shrieks and the rod bends as my quarry rushes round and round in ever lessening circles. But there is one incident which stands supreme—the big one, which didn't get away.

The lengthening shadows had already warned me of approaching evening as I cautiously approached the deep, black pool, where, it was rumored by certain disappointed and excited anglers, there dwelt the grandfather of all trout, huge, sinister and possessing almost human wisdom, who had in his long and checkered career collected enough flies, lines and leaders to start a respectable tackle store. With bated breath I cast my eyes over the mirror-like surface. There was the crafty villain quietly rising to the surface and sucking in the luckless, new-born mayflies before they had time to spread their untried wings. I stealthily retreat and, with trembling fingers select a dainty mayfly from my tackle box and quickly attach it to my leader, then, keeping carefully out of sight, I send my fly shooting over the pool, dropping it lightly as a feather three feet above my feeding and unsuspecting foe. It floated gently downward, the fish rose, quietly sucked it in, deliberately turned—and the fun began. I have no recollection of what followed, but eventually I found myself gloating over six pounds of gleaming silver and gold. Tonight the camp-fire seems more bright and my eyes are drawn as by a magnet toward the bright object glowing in the flickering light. How handsome he will look when mounted and what thrills the very sight of him will send coursing through me during the long winter months as I live the battle over again. Thus ends my holiday.

The city has once more laid its unrelenting grip upon me and once more I become a drudge, a slave to duty and convention. The hours which were spent in healthful and varied recreation are now given over to monotonous toil. Here there is no change. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter the unhappy hordes toil from morn till night with never a thought for the beauty of the changing seasons, except perhaps to curse them or to view their approach with either dread or pleasure. No longer can I look over open fields and rippling lakes. My view is bounded by grimy buildings and narrow streets, the blue sky blotted out by rolling clouds of evil-smelling smoke. Is it any wonder that my only remaining ambition is to shake the

dust of the city from my feet for ever and to once more stand where the winds blow over leagues of pine forests, where there is no strife and where I can worship at the shrine of Nature.

"There may be some who would rather be
Where the lights of the city glow;
Who would rather sleep in an air-tight room
Where never a breeze can blow;
Who would rather spend their days and years
Where the smoke of the city soars,
And who scoff and laugh when told that they need
A breath of the 'Great Outdoors.'"

Hallowe'en Horrors

IT was "All Saints' Eve"—the night when white-robed spectres and evil spirits are abroad. Black clouds covered the sky and a sharp wind blew in fitful gusts, shrieking through alleys and around corners and whirling the dead leaves high in its fury. The clock in the church tower struck twelve. The solemn strokes vibrated clearly above the fierce blasts, even reaching the ears of the two girls in the old house on the corner.

"Twelve o'clock! How late! Time for the folks to be home," exclaimed one of the two, bending over an old trunk in the attic.

"Hark! what's that?"

A thin, wailing cry echoed through the silent house, strengthening in volume until it was an ear-piercing shriek, then gradually dying away in a faint moaning. The girls looked at each other in terror. The candle one of them held, flickered uncertainly, casting weird shadows upon the rafters and down the long attic, while the wind rattled the old casements and howled down the wide chimney.

"W-what can it be?"

"Ghosts, probably," came the answer in a shaky voice. "Ugh! it's chilly up here, let's — — oh!"

The long-drawn-out cry came again, penetrating every corner. The candle dropped, wavered a second and went out, leaving the girls in complete darkness.

"Let's get out of here—hurry."

Cautiously creeping across the floor, the boards creaking at every step, they reached the head of the stairs.

"What in the,—oh! Eva, it's dark; I'm sure we left the lights on when we came up—oh!—o-o-o!"

"Hush! Come on."

Side by side they started to descend, their eyes straining to pierce the blackness. Inch by inch they felt their way, pausing in fright at every sound.

Suddenly the door behind them slammed to—Ah! The girls, on the verge of stepping down, lost their balance, clutched wildly at each other, missed, screamed, and fell headlong.

Utter silence reigned. At last a small voice quavered through the darkness. "Are—are you there?"

As if in answer, the dismal, diabolical sound came again, seeming nearer. A circle of light hovered for an instant through the room—then vanished.

"Oh, I'm just about killed! Oh my arm! I'm sure I have a black eye! I can feel it swelling! Oh my arm! I can't see out of it! That noise fairly makes little shivers all over me! Oh my eye!"

Sh! You're not killed yet! My! Don't I wish somebody was home—this is horrible! I feel as if somebody was going to grab me every second. Both my eyes must be black, 'cause I can't see a thing. It's too dark here; come on, let's go."

Rising, with stifled groans, they limped across the hall, a breathless halt between every advance.

"Look, look! Oh, my arm! There's a—something white—I'm sure it's black!—oh my eye!—it's white!"

"Here's a door; for goodness sake shut up!" said Eva, pulling her excited companion through a doorway. "This must be the kitchen, is it?"

"I don't know—it's black, I'm sure it is! Look—it's coming!"

Yes! so it was. Advancing slowly towards them was a tall, floating, ghostly, white object.

Whirling around quickly to escape, Eva felt something cold and clammy close about her hand. Paralyzed with fear, both girls stood watching with fascinated eyes the object in white.

Ah! 't was almost on them when Eva happened to notice a tiny glimmer of light under a door. Rousing from her fright, she snatched her hand away, grabbed her chum and they both ran for their lives. Pausing for a second before the door, they glanced fearfully over their shoulders.

Yes! there it was right behind them. Pushing open the door hurriedly—

Bang! A dull thud! A deluge!

Spluttering and coughing, gasping for breath, dazzled by the light, there they stood. Water was above them, around them, below them. It ran in tiny rivulets down their noses, dripped down their necks, and splashed into their eyes.

Drip—drip—splash.

Suddenly came the sound of laughter. "Ha—ha—ha! Oh what a sight!" said a voice.

Turning dazedly around, the water squelching in their shoes at every step, the two bedraggled objects beheld the rascal brother hugging himself with delight and shaking with laughter, while trailing gracefully behind him was—a white sheet.



EDITORIAL

To Our Esteemed Principal:

Greetings, Doctor Robinson, from the staff and students of the Victoria High School! May this Christmas be but one of many happy ones. We thank you sincerely for what you have done to promote school spirit this term, and you may be assured that the pupils will be behind you in any enterprise for the benefit of the School. Therefore, accept, on behalf of the students and staff, the Camosun and other school activities, sincere wishes for a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

* * * * *

This is the first edition of the Camosun for the year 1920-21, and, incidentally, the beginning of its fourteenth year as the official organ of the Victoria High School. Owing to a remarkable increase in the size of the classes of this year, and consequently to the extra work thus entailed for the teachers, the staff of the Victoria High School was doubtful as to the advisability of continuing the publication of the Camosun this year. However, this difficulty has been overcome by the unselfishness of several members of the staff in giving their valuable time in making this year's Camosun a success.

There will be only three editions of the Camosun this year, but the members of the editorial staff will do their best to make all three lively, interesting, and successful. However, the success of the paper depends almost entirely upon the students themselves. The chief attraction of the Camosun has always been the News Stand, and if the class reporters are not right on their job, this department will fail. In a school of over eight hundred students, surely it is ridiculous to suppose that there is nobody capable of writing poetry, short stories or articles of general interest. The Editorial Staff will do their best, but without contributions from the students, a successful edition would be impossible. Help make the Camosun a success! It is a High School paper, run by the students of the High School for the students of the High School.

It is **your** paper; therefore boost and support the Camosun, both in the literary end and the financial end. Don't let a few energetic

people (such as your worthy staff!!) give their time and genius to the running of the paper. If every one is willing to help a little, both on the literary and financial side, we can send the Camosun over the top to the best and most successful year it has ever had.

* * * * *

We are amazed, delighted and anxious at the response shown by the Class Reporters. Amazed, because never before has the Camosun had reports from so many classes. Delighted, because we have received so much material. Anxious, because we do not know whether we will offend anyone, as we have had to cut down nearly every report, owing to the small available space and the large amount of material. The reports, however, are just ordinary in substance. By far the best report is that of Matric B, which has been cut down to less than half its original size. Many of the reports were after the old, time-honored fashion, writing the names of some of the members of the class, followed by a descriptive quotation, or a comment. This is all right if made funny, but is awfully boring usually. Jokes, funny happenings in class, or anything **funny** of general interest, make the best material for class reports. We hope that the Easter News Stand will be the best yet.

* * * * *

The Camosun wishes to take this opportunity, on behalf of the students of the Victoria High School, to convey sincere congratulations to Mr. Harry Smith and Mr. Whittemore.

* * * * *

Mrs. Clarke, an addition to our teaching staff, is a Canadian, born and educated in Ontario. She graduated from Trinity University, Toronto, getting her B.A. in 1893 and her M.A. in 1904. She taught almost continuously from 1893 to 1899 in Toronto, and in Dallas, Texas. In 1902 she came to Victoria and taught in the High School up till 1906, when she was married.

* * * * *

Mr. J. J. McKim, up till 1919 an assistant commercial teacher in the Victoria High School, has now rejoined us. Mr. McKim graduated in 1893 from the High School in Londonderry, Nova Scotia, and in 1903 from the Provincial Normal School in Truro, N. S. For thirteen years he taught public school subjects in Nova Scotia, Bermuda and Alberta. Since winning a diploma from the Sprott-Shaw Institute here in 1915, he has taught commercial subjects at the Victoria High School and Sprott-Shaw, and later the returned men at Esquimalt and Resthaven Military Convalescent Hospitals.

* * * * *

Mr. Forsythe is a native of Prince Edward Island. After attending the Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown, he graduated in Arts from Dalhousie College with honors in English and History. Coming West, and taking a Normal Course in Calgary, he taught in Coleman, Medicine Hat and other points and was Principal of High Schools at Peachland, Summerland and Cranbrook.

The Entry of the New Year

IT was New Year's Eve. The snow had fallen steadily all day, covering the landscape with soft whiteness. To his favorite haunt, a lonely spot on the mountain, where the moaning of the wind-tossed pines only seemed to increase the stillness, had returned the hoary Spirit of the Old Year, bent with age and the weight of his many cares and burdens. He had not been there long, when there was a cold rush of wind, and the Spirit of December, a merry, mischievous spirit, arrived in his chariot of frost, drawn by his companions, the Hail and Snow elves.

"Hail, Old Year!" he cried. "This is a glorious winter's night. Will you come for a ride?"

"All right, but we must be back before midnight."

So the pair set off for a final glimpse of the world; now hovering above a city, studded with myriads of lights; now gliding over vast stretches of open country.

In the town nestled at the foot of the mountain, the villagers had gathered to welcome in the New Year, and the gleam from the chapel lights sparkled brightly on the snow. The evening passed swiftly and midnight approached nearer, nearer—then the soft pealing of the chimes stole gently up the mountain side; "One! Two! Three! Four!" just as the Spirits reached the mountain again. "Five! Six! Seven! Eight!" They stood silent, watching the chapel lights. "Nine! Ten! Eleven!" There was a sudden gust of wind and the two weary travellers were enveloped in a flurry of snowflakes. "Twelve!"

The mist cleared—the Spirits of December and the Old Year had vanished and in their places stood the Spirit of the New Year, youthful and eager, and the gay and smiling Spirit of January; and while they were borne away on the wind to continue the task of watching over the world, merry voices rang out from the chapel, "Welcome, New Year, welcome. May you bring us peace and happiness."

—LOUISE WESTON.

The High School Orchestra

The school now has a good fifteen-piece orchestra which, under the supervision of Mr. Dilworth, is rapidly approaching proficiency.

The following committee has been chosen:—President, A. Clark; Secretary-Treasurer, M. Maynard; Librarian, H. Parfitt; Camosun Reporter, H. Bassett.

Practices are held twice a week, after which refreshments are occasionally served in the lunch-room. At present the orchestra consists of five 1st violins, five 2nd violins, a 'cello, flute, trombone, cornet and piano. As we are still in need of a clarinet, 'cello, cornet and trombone, we hope that players for these instruments will volunteer their services to Mr. Dilworth as soon as possible and help to make the orchestra a success.



THE Portia Society was reorganized and elected those who are to occupy "the seats of the mighty" for the forthcoming year, on October the 13th. The first meeting of the year was held on Tuesday, October the 19th, the all-important referendum and the still more important holiday ensuing therefrom, combining to usurp the usual day. Miss Clay of the Public Library gave a very interesting paper on "Canadian Poets," a species of mankind with whom we are deplorably unfamiliar. The lecturer herself admitted an only recent interest in these worthy members of society. It was a case of "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," for after that we felt that we had not committed such a horribly heinous crime after all. Miss Clay traced the history of Canadian literature, or what there is of it, from its earliest ancestors in a musty little book shop in a back street of Quebec, to such modern burning and shining lights as Bliss Carmen, Archibald Lampman and Robert Service. We received many enlightening hints on the style and taste of the various writers, and extracts were read from their works to illustrate the points as they were brought out. Miss Clay related the tragic story of Pauline Johnston, perhaps the poetess who expresses most vividly the great sad spirit of the past that broods over the wilds and plains of Canada. To this Indian girl we owe some of the most exquisite translations of Indian legends and fairy tales. The meeting was charmed by two recitations by Ella Pottinger—"Florette," by Robert Service, from "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," and one of Pauline Johnston's most beautiful legends.

The second meeting was held on October the 27th, the program for the afternoon being three short speeches by three of the wisest of our debaters. Elise Menkus spoke on "The Benefits of Travel." This was highly interesting and not a doubt existed but that many of her audience would have become confirmed "globe-trotters" had the speaker pointed out how to obtain the most necessary adjunct to this highly educating and instructive mode of enjoyment. Helen Starr

spoke on "Good Manners," a thing, or rather things which are much needed everywhere, and being so badly needed, are scarcely ever found. The speaker felt that in this respect the present generation is sadly deficient and has seriously deteriorated from the courtesy of its ancestors. Dorothy Laing gave an interesting summary of the life and work of Florence Nightingale, "The Lady of the Lamp." The work of this noble Englishwoman has made possible the development of nursing to its present state and has tempered the ravages of war for the soldier to a great extent.

The next meeting, held on November the 3rd, was a specially interesting one. The program for the afternoon was four short speeches by Preliminary students, who were addressing the Portia for the first time. Peggy Humber spoke on "The Advantages of a High School Education," and if any of those present had doubts on the wisdom of their being at this admirable institution, they were thoroughly dispelled. Frances Bennett said that her subject was "Fish." She told us many things and discoursed on big fish, little fish and all sorts of fish. We heard about everything from sharks to shrimps. Helen Boyd spoke on "Cartoonists of the day." She traced the story of the development and use of cartoons and told us about Louis Raemakers, the Dutchman, Bruce Bairnsfather, the Englishman, and other peaks on the ranges of cartoonists. Irmgard Gillam spoke on "Lady Astor." She gave a very interesting outline of the career of the first woman to be elected to the English House of Commons. Lady Astor is a Virginian, although the wife of an English peer, and is a credit to her country. All the speakers deserve hearty congratulations for the way in which they passed the ordeal of their maiden speech. The Portia hopes for the pleasure of hearing them many times in the future.

The fourth meeting of the Portia Society took the form of a lively debate—"Resolved that uniform dress be adopted in the High School." The affirmative was upheld by Ella Lewis and Marjorie Bell and the negative by Ella Pottinger and Jean McNaught. The girls on the affirmative claimed many things in support of their arguments, and they were quite certain that it was in the best interests of all concerned that uniform dress should be adopted. They decided that every girl should be satisfied if she has her ties and hair ribbons on which to expend her ingenuity in the most becoming manner possible. She might also make her room look nice and infuse a breath of modernity (from the Victoria High School) into her home. The speakers on the negative took much umbrage at these conclusions and stated many excellent reasons against uniform dress. They said that it would quench individuality, destroy the sense of beauty and lead to neglect of personal appearance. One speaker said, and said wisely, that very few girls knew how to dress themselves properly. She thought that if uniform dress were adopted they would never learn how to dress with refinement and taste. Lively after-speaking occupied the meeting until the judges, Mr. Hamilton-Smith

and Mr. Andrews rendered their decision for the negative. This debate was one of the most interesting and best contested that has been held in the Library.

The next meeting was held on November the 17th. The program for the meeting was three short speeches, the fourth speech being omitted on account of the absence of material. Winette Copeland spoke on "Suitable Memorials for the High School." Her speech was teeming with excellent ideas and might well be taken into consideration by "the powers that be." Muriel Daniels spoke on "Ornamental Memorials of the Past." This also was very interesting and we heard many things we did not know before. Marion Miller spoke on the general subject of War Memorials and gave a very interesting and thoughtful speech. Dr. Robinson was present and spoke a few words to the meeting. A warm invitation was extended to him to visit us as often as possible.

The usual meeting, held on November 25th, was an exceedingly interesting one. It was the last meeting before the Camosun report goes to press, and well worthy to hold that position. A debate, "Resolved that the world is growing better," the affirmative being supported by Marguerite Wilkinson and Lilian Norris, and the negative by Helena Butterfield and Patsy Robinson, was the program for the afternoon. The girls on the affirmative side made splendid speeches to support their contentions, and their arguments were effective and coherent. They enumerated all the benefits of discoveries and inventions, the improvements in social and moral standards and the more humane treatment of the old and weak. The negative side made a splendid fight and brought forth very logical and sensible points. Helena Butterfield traced the rise and fall of various civilizations and drew the sensible inferences from it. Patsy Robinson provided the comical side of the debate and her speech was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Mr. Cornett and Miss Moore, the judges, gave their decision for the affirmative. After the debate Mr. Cornett gave a very instructive talk on Debating, pointing out various pitfalls that must be avoided, and his address might well be taken to heart by all.

The Portia wishes to congratulate all those who have spoken or debated this year. The speeches and the two debates that have been held were very instructive and interesting and special credit is due the girls on account of the fact that in most cases they were making their maiden speeches.

Who says we haven't got dandy Business Managers! If you think this edition of the Camosun a success and if you feel inclined to praise someone for it, don't praise the Editorial Staff alone, but heap as much praise as you can on the Business Managers. This issue has been made possible largely through the indefatigable efforts of Messrs. Wade, Hartley, Meldram and Elford, our excellent Business Managers.



ON the twenty-second of October the first meeting of the Fall session of the Beta Delta (Boys' Debating Society) was held. The purpose of the meeting was to elect the officers for the term. The following officers were elected.—Honorary President, Dr. Robinson; Honorary 1st Vice-President, Mr. Cornett; Honorary 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Andrews; Honorary 3rd Vice-President, Mr. Gunn; President, Marchbank; Vice-President, Pillar; Secretary, Levirs; Treasurer, Laing; Committee, Spinks, Edwardson and Purvis.

The second meeting was held on the 28th, short speeches being given by prominent members. On that date it was also decided that the Beta Delta hold its meetings on Wednesdays instead of on Thursdays as heretofore.

The third meeting, on the 3rd of November, took the form of a general discussion on "Resolved that the Victoria High School should support the Students' Welfare League." As no decision was reached, it was resolved to carry on the discussion at some future date.

At the fourth meeting, held on the 10th of November, the first debate of the session took place, the subject being: "Resolved that the Government should control the prices of necessities." Levirs and Pillar upheld the affirmative, while Fletcher and Grant defended the negative. After a great deal of deliberation, the decision was awarded in favor of the negative.

Another debate was held on November 17th, the subject being: "Resolved that moving pictures are more pernicious than beneficial." The speakers were all Prelims, Knox and Tredwell being on the affirmative and Thomas and Bailey on the negative. After great excitement, the judges awarded the honor to the affirmative.

It is very noticeable this year that all the boys attending the meetings of the Society are anxious to debate, and it is hoped that this spirit will be kept up during the rest of this term.

Fliverous Pastimes

- Spinning a one-man top.
- Chasing a running board.
- Listening to the sparking plug.
- Eating off a license plate.
- Arguing with a crank.
- Knitting a hood for a "tin Lizzie."

Prelims

As Seen by Matrics

Prelims! Prelims!! Prelims!!! Everywhere Prelims!!!! And then still more Prelims! The school this year seems to be all Prelims. If you go for a promenade down the corridors you can't help walking on a dozen or so. Then the size of the Prelims! Ye gods! they must be trying to get rid of them at Public School. When we were Prelims the average age was about fifteen and nearly all the boys wore long pants. The Prelims in those days were something like Prelims—big, strong, husky, good-looking fellows, and beautiful, well-dressed girls, not the sloppy-looking, ignorant and dazed Prelims who litter up the school this year.

The Prelims this year have an easy time also. When we Matrics were Prelims—three, four, or five years ago, the teachers were "awful" strict. They would keep you in for the least little thing. And the homework and school work were simply fierce! The Prelims nowadays certainly have an easy time.

The first day of school one can't help noticing the crowds of youngsters and ones younger still, who are scattered over the corridors, etc., with such a lost, ignorant, dazed and wondering look. These are Prelims. When a Matric comes along they all open their eyes and mouths to their utmost extent and gaze upon the mighty person, and when a Prefect comes! Goodness, but they fall down on their knees and worship his lordship!

Our idea of a Prelim is—a bad pill without the advantage of candy coat; a piece of rubbish which is necessary for the existence of prefects and janitors; an evil, but a necessary one, without which the school couldn't exist. **After two years (with luck) they will be Matrics.**

* * * * *

What the Juniors Think of the Prelims.

Many of the trials of our Junior year are caused by those important beings (in their own eyes) the Prelims. Why they are allowed to come to High School at all I cannot say, but here they are, they seem to have come to stay, and I suppose we must make the best of them. I suppose they are inevitable and that every one must be a Prelim, but when we were Prelims we never did any of the things which these do. We were never "cheeky," nor contradicted our betters, but always kept ourselves in proper subjection and always treated the Juniors with the respect to which they were entitled. But times have changed since then, and the Prelims now act with an audacity which we should have considered shocking.

One of the worst things about modern Prelims is their exceeding smallness, some of them are so diminutive as to be almost invisible. On walking down the corridor we sometimes hear a squeak and find that we have stepped on one. Then we have to pick him up, brush him off, and apologize very humbly, impelled by the terrible threat that he will "tell teacher." Then, they can squeeze themselves into all sorts of cracks and crannies and call "Boo" at us unsuspecting

Juniors, as we pass by from some late meeting and nearly frighten us out of our wits. If this were all the trouble they cause, it would surely be enough.

The ignorance shown by the Prelim tribe is appalling. They are always getting lost and appealing to the Juniors for aid in finding the various rooms. They invariably show a great lack of knowledge as to High School customs, some of them even behave in the Auditorium, or stand up when they are talking. They are certainly not very prudent when they enter our institution.

These are not all the disturbances of which Prelims are the root. Some of us have to take drill or gym with them, and thus see their faults in direct contact. Prelims cause many other inconveniences, too numerous to mention. In summing them up, however, the only thing which we can say is this—that they remind us very much of our own last year's photos.

* * * * *

A Prelim's Letter Home

Dere maw—

i take my pen in hand, or rather my pensil, to right this episle. Tell paw that this school is biggern our barn. It's a nice day today. I think Mr. Whittemore is perfectly ripping. He's six feet one and not a "whit more." We have a "cornet" for a History teacher. How's the pigs? The boss has chosed 20 Big bullies for prefects. Don't send me no more red mitts. Every time the telephone rings they kick us out of the room so they can answer it in privet. Has 'old Man Jones' ford brokeed down yet? There's a man called cucumber, or some kind of pickle, gives us a song every day. There's a room here where we eat our dinner with white tiles and blue borders. Has the goat grown whiskers yet. The boys here shave every day. Hows the donkey? I like Mr. Armstrong. I want a knew soot. How is Sally Anne coming. Oh! paw there sure is some girls hear. There is a store here where you can get things for 15c. I got a knew tye. Its yaller with big purple and red spots. Everybody seems to like it, they keep looking at it; the matriculates sure are smart. Its begun to rane now. They boss us around. Say maw, you ask paw to send some more cash. Honest injun it's awfool eckspensif going to school. Has he plowed yet? We learn french. of course you wouldn't understand it if I spoke it, but I'll speake some for you. Parlee voo francie Wee Wee. I can't remember if thats the rite spelling. Well it is necesarie that I dizcontinue my time is shortening. We have miles of homework, that is French and things what we havant time to do in school. We take physix. Goodbye, I'm tired and hope you are same. Yours very truly, Your affecshunate Son,—James Jones.

He was the light of her life;
She loved him without doubt;
But Pa came in and raised his foot,
And the light of her life went out.

Society News

DURING the last term a number of social affairs were held, these being in the form of jitney dances, socials, etc., all of which were well attended and enjoyed by the students as a whole. The first jitney dance was held on Friday, October 15th, in the gymnasium. There were about two hundred and fifty people there, with a ratio of three to one in favor of the girls, of course. The music for this dance was supplied by part of the High School orchestra, with Archie Clarke at the drums. There were many variations of the different dances to be seen at this dance, some of which were entirely home-made, but everybody enjoyed themselves and were loath to leave when the hands of the clock pointed to half-past five. The proceeds, \$46 (not forgetting the five cents which could be used as the amusement tax for those in the gallery), were used in buying a lounge and other necessities for the prefects' room, which has been fitted up as the sick room.

On November 7th the Matrics decided to hold their first dance and social, so a committee was formed, composed of a boy and girl from each Matric, with Ken McCannel as chairman, Matric A being represented by Marjorie Bell and Art Webster; Matric B, Doris Grubb and George Copas; Matric C, Frances Legg and "Dad" Hartley; Matric D, Eleanor Parfitt, Ella Pottinger and Edgar Wade; and Dorothy Brooks and Orion McGary from Matric E.

The first part of the evening was spent in games, such as musical arms, to get it started, but there were some there who needed "self-starters." The singing competition was most elevating, the wonderful sounds that issued forth from some of the groups would easily outrival Caruso and his contemporaries. Dr. Robinson and Mr. Hamilton-Smith, who kindly acted as judges, awarded the prizes in favor of the group which sang "Till We Meet Again." Each member of the winning group then came forward and received his or her prize, which was in the form of a licorice whip."

At last arrived the best part of the evening, namely, supper. The "eats" were daintily arranged (?) on the tables in the boys' lunch room. The liquid refreshment, under the disguise of punch, was made by the committee in the afternoon, and any one of them will vouch that it was good, but a larger crowd arrived than was expected, so it had to be diluted all over again, which resulted in it being quite harmless; it must have been, because s-sh! Don't tell anybody, one boy had twelve cups full and he was at school the following Monday. After supper, dancing was indulged in, Miss M. Legg kindly offering to play for it, until a little before twelve, when, to the strains of the home waltz and "God Save the King," played by Mr. Dilworth, the evening broke up. A number of the Matric teachers were present, including Dr. Robinson, Miss Henry, Miss Hamilton and Messrs. Cranston, Hamilton-Smith, Dilworth, Haverstock, Yeo, etc. The

Matrics are hoping to hold another dance in the near future when the worry of exams. is o'er.

Another jitney dance was held on November 12th, the proceeds being devoted to the ice hockey fund. This was well attended in spite of the fact that the admission fee was raised the large amount of five cents. Mr. Cook acted as master of ceremonies. The greatest pleasure, mixed with amusement, was afforded those in the gallery who looked on. During one dance John Proctor and Bob Collison could be seen tripping the light fantastic toe together, Bob making a very demure and coquettish maiden (?); then Jack Elford was seen leading his partner through the mazes of the waltz, only to arrive breathless at the end of it. Some seemed to favor the method of dancing, the name of which describes an advertisement of Woodbury's soap. There were two girls from the Commercial year who seemed to be having lots of fun dancing some new method of the "lame duck." What is the name of the new fox-trot star? Why did Minota look so sad that afternoon; wasn't **he** there? How was it the ninth dance was so popular among the girls?

Besides the dances held by the students of the Victoria High School, the College held two, which a number of the V. H. S. students attended.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Dr. Robinson for his kind permission in allowing us to hold these dances, because they help bind together the students and help to make school life not all work.

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Matric E. Hallowe'en Social

Has anyone heard of Matric E? We may be last on the list, but we're by no means the least. Our motto is "Pep," so watch our smoke.

On Friday, October 28th, we held a lively Hallowe'en party in the gym, through the kind permission of Dr. Robinson. We disguised ourselves in a grotesque array of fancy costumes and spent the evening playing games and dancing. During the evening the costumes were judged by Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, who were our guests of honor. Two of our teachers, Messrs. Dilworth and Whittemore, were present and greatly assisted us in carrying out our programme. Several interesting games were played and were enjoyed by all. The supper waltz was played at eleven o'clock and all proceeded to the lunch room, where a big spread was daintily laid out by our supper committee. Dancing followed the supper and lasted till 12.30, the music being rendered by Miss Bell at the piano and Mr. Whittemore and H. Bassett, the violinists. The class committee consisted of McGary (President), the Misses McDougall and Walters and Messrs. Reid and Battrick.

On behalf of the members of the class, the committee wish to take this opportunity to thank Dr. Robinson, Mr. Dilworth and Mr. Whittemore for their kind and generous co-operation, which made the evening such a success—"For they are jolly good fellows."

Christmas Stockings

THESE we were at last in Santa Clause's great ice gift room at the north pole (which we found to be gray in color with an arc light on top). The room was festooned in graceful lined icicles, which sent thrills of warmth and pleasure coursing through our veins, as did also the little cupids which hovered about us, clothed in wings and golden curls; indeed, the gnomes had a dreadful time keeping Copas from chasing them with a butterfly net, which he always carries with him, butterflies being his one weakness. However, our attention was distracted from these antics to a clothes line, suspended from one end of the room to the other, upon which were fastened stockings and socks of every conceivable color and size, and all smelling strongly—of Lux! The Matrics had had a wash day before sending their socks to Santa to be filled, and attached to the toe of each was a slip of paper. And then, ah! how our eyes beat and our hearts popped, for there, suspended from a hole in the roof to the floor, was an ice-shoot, and sliding down it was the old Saint himself. He landed forcibly on the floor at our feet, and picking himself up, exclaimed in his booming voice, "Hello, Matrics, come on and see what you've got in your socks. But first let me congratulate you on your handwriting; I've never seen anything like it before! We all beamed at the compliment (???) and followed Santa over to the clothes line, all fussed up with excitement and anticipation. He pulled down one sock, glanced at the note and shouted, "This seems to be from a youth named Doldrum, no, that's not it, it's Meldrum; he wants a sixteen-inch cannon to shoot clay pigeons with." Meldrum steps forth. "Ah! you are, as I thought, too small for such gifts; this is more suited to you!" He handed Bobby his sock, and when Ralph Winton opened it he found a dear little bright red pop-gun. "Now," he cried in tones of absolute bliss, "I can shoot real soldiers, oh, goody!" and he capered about, shooting the attached cork in everyones face, till Bond was forced to sit on him, whereupon Bob felt intensely squashed.

Next on the list came Allen. He walked up to Santa with a slow, majestic mein, stood on the left foot and twined the right leg around the left, while Santa examined his note. "Mike, my boy," came Santa's voice, "You ask for a basketball; the V. H. S. can supply you with one of those instruments of torture, what it cannot supply you with is a glass eye. Take this one with my blessing!" Billy grabbed the glass eye, which was of a wonderful shade of sky blue pink, and, dropping on his knees, implored someone to knock out his eye, so's he could wear his new one to the next game with the College.

Miss Jackson came next. "Ho, ho!" cried Santa when he saw her, "Here's a girl who likes pretty things; I can tell by looking at her, rich, but not gaudy, as my old friend, Bill Shakespeare, said"; and so saying, he gave Kathy a cut-glass bottle of violet perfume and some lace lingerie. We all thought he showed partiality, and all for a maiden's entrancing smile.

Next came McPhillips. It seems he just begged Santa for a Rugby suit, but Santa, with the wisdom of age, gave him instead a lovely evergreen flannelette night-cap, for he knew the croup which results from cold December nights.

Our grammatical genius, Miss Wilkinson, was next. "Now, Marguerite, what would you like," Santa asked in his kindly voice. "Oh!" replied Marguerite, "Just slip me a pair of silk kicks with time-pieces in 'em!" "Jumping reindeers! what kind of a lingo is that," gasped Santa, mopping his brow with a handful of snow, while one of his gnomes ran an icicle down his back. "Suffering cats!" Marguerite sweetly replied, "Cant you get the drift of perfectly good English? I asked for a pair of silk stockings with clocks in 'em!" "Oh! now I get you; well, try this instead!" and Santa handed her a leather-covered book, entitled "The Correct Use of English."

Then Miss Legg was called. What do you think she was doing—yes, of course, giggling. "Oh, Santa!" she said in a pleading voice that only a stone could turn a deaf ear to (providing stones have ears), "All my life I've wanted an elephant with a pink plush howdah on its back, to ride to school on!" We all gasped to think of this poor creature nursing this secret passion for so many, many years. But Santa shook his head and told her she'd be broke inside a week trying to feed him. Then Tibby got mad and the heat of her anger started to melt the ice around her, so hastily swallowing a shovelful of snow (it was one of Santa's best shovels) she cooled down and compromised on a sack of lunch-room soup crackers, which she proceeded to make away with.

At last, when everyone had his or her stocking examined and exclaimed over, every member of the Matriculation Class was given lovely little net bags of candy. You should have seen the excitement. Battrick stood on one leg, flapped his arms wildly in the air and crowed like a rooster with great abandon. Spinks jumped on an iceberg and, in his rich baritone, gave an exhortation on "Integral Calculus." Scott, "brainless," sat down on the ice and by means of his arms and legs propelled himself up and down the room, emitting wheezy blasts from a small trumpet, supposed to represent a Mississippi steamboat with all steam up. Just then Bond entered the room and, tapping us all over the heads with a stunning club, we broke up and carried our pieces home, with Santa's words ringing in our ears—"A Merry Xmas to you all!"

The Weekly Ypsi Sen, a most energetic paper which has supplied us with an example of real devotion—

"Are you sure you love me?" asked a pretty girls of her admirer.

"Love you!" echoed the smitten one, "Why, darling, while I was bidding you goodbye on the porch last evening, your dog bit a piece out of the calf of my leg and I never noticed it until I got home."

Doctor: "Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?"

Pat: "Yes, sir, but I don't feel any better. Maybe the lid aint come off yet."



Girls' Basketball

SINCE the reopening of the school term in September, six basketball games have been played, in all of which the wearers of the black and yellow have come out victorious. The first game was played in the High School gym. on October 9, against the "Old Girls," and resulted in a victory for the High School, the score being 9-5. The "Old Girls" were represented by Misses Jean Burrige, Margaret McVitte, Constance Grey, Aileen Grubb and Dorothy Aird; while Doris Grubb, Marjorie Bell, Alexa Martin, Sarah McGill and Ella Lewis upheld the honor of the High School.

The second game of the season took place on October 22, against the Oak Bay High School. The home team being in good working order, and in their own gym, soon ran up a considerable score, and when the last whistle blew, the score board read 30-4.

On October 29, a game was played against the Normal School in the Normal gym. The High School was represented by Muriel Daniels, Florrie Gates, Alexa Martin, Ella Lewis and Sarah McGill. The Normal team, being in their own gym, had the advantage and the score-board at half-time showed all too plainly that Victoria was losing. A change was made in the positions of the High School players at half-time, and this, together with the fact that they were becoming more accustomed to the strange floor, enabled them to play their usual fast game and end the play with a score of 21-8. Refreshments were served after the game by the entertaining team.

The fourth game was the return game with Oak Bay, played in the Oak Bay gymnasium on November 4. The High School players all played a very good game, Muriel Daniels and Florrie Gates coming to the front noticeably in their scoring. The final score read 27-7.

The game which took place on November 12 against the Y.W.C.A. was to many the most interesting game of the season. The V. H. S. team consisted of Doris Grubb, Muriel Daniels, Florrie Gates, Ella Lewis and Sarah McGill. Every member of the team scored, but Doris Grubb was undoubtedly the star of the evening, scoring twenty points in one game, a record which will not be easily broken. The game closed with a score of 36-9.

The last game was played on November 26 against our ever-ready opponents, the ex-High girls. Their team, consisting of Jean Bur-

ridge, Eleanor Haddow, Margaret McVittie, Aileen Grubb and Sophie McKinnon, was very strong, but owing to their lack of practice could not withstand the numerous attacks of the High School players, and the honors of the evening went to the wearers of the black and yellow, with a score of 20-3.

In the six games which were played, the High School team scored a total of 143 points to 36 points scored by their opponents, giving an average margin of 17 points per game. This is a wonderful record and should help to gain even a greater attendance at all future games than there has been in the past.

Boys' Basketball

The basketball season at the school this year has been one of the most successful in years. When school opened in September only one of last year's team had registered, namely, Norman Forbes. About three weeks later Art Webster returned, and these two have formed the nucleus of the fastest team in the city.

About fifteen boys responded to the call to the first practice, and after a few turn-outs the first squad narrowed down to eight players—Webster, Forbes, Allen, Hartley, McIntyre, Moore, Christie and Ryan. A team selected from this squad played their first match on October 9th, against the Victoria College team. As usual with first-of-the-season games, the standard of play was not high and both teams missed many openings through erratic passing and shooting. When the dust of battle settled, High School had a margin of eight points, the score reading 23-15.

A week later, on October 16th, the school team played the James Bay team, intermediate city champions of last year. Hartley of the High School squad was loaned to the Bays for the evening and played a splendid game. The teams were evenly matched and played a fast, hard-fought game all the way. Forbes and Webster on the forward line were a little too fast for the Bay guards, and the High School won by a score of 24-19.

The next game played was an afternoon game, on October 29, against the Normal School. In this game Hartley made his appearance at centre for the school and gave a very finished exhibition of centre play. High School early took the game into their own hands and won pretty well as they wished by 31-9.

On the 12th of November the College team, strengthened by the acquisition of Boyd and Goodacre, sought to retrieve the reputation they had lost on October 9th. A great deal of interest had been displayed in the match and a large crowd greeted with cheers the appearance of the teams. College got away to an early start and were leading 5-0 when Allen was forced to retire with a nasty cut over his eye. Moore replaced him and the game continued. The High School forwards began to find their feet about half-way through the first half and, for the remainder of the game, out-played the heavy College guards in every department. At half-time the score read

19-10 for High School and at the close 41-19. Webster, among the forwards, played a remarkably fine game, while McIntyre, on the defence proved unbeatable.

A week later, High School entertained the Senior Sunday School champions of last year, the Crusaders. This game proved an absolute walk-away for High School. High got away to an early start and with everyone going at top speed the guards smothered the fast church forwards, while our forwards were adding up a total of some 35 points. The score at half-time read 35-3. Webster played the best game of the year that evening and reached a remarkable total of 22 points in the first half. During the second half High School began to take it easier and allowed the Crusaders 10 points to their 18 in the second period, the final score being 53-13. Ted Hopkins refereed.

The most important game of the year was played on November 26th, when the redoubtable "Huskies" were invited to the school. In spite of a heavy storm, a good crowd found their way to the gymnasium. The "Huskies" made their appearance about nine o'clock and certainly lived up to their name. The team average must be in the neighborhood of 170 pounds, and they looked like giants beside the light High School team. The "Huskies" chose the northern basket as their goal for the first half, and the game was on. High School scored first via Webster and the "Huskies" immediately evened the score. The next eighteen or twenty minutes will live long in the memories of those who saw the game. From end to end of the half the play progressed and both teams battled desperately to keep the score at least even. When half-time blew, the score stood even at 10-all. High School scored immediately after the whistle, but the basket was disallowed by referee Hopkins.

When the teams came on for the second half, Hartley appeared at centre for the School and announced the fact by scoring a basket in 15 seconds from the face-off. The first five minutes of the second half gave the "Huskies" 6 points to our 4, and then McIntyre started one of those wonderful rallies that brought the crowd to their feet and kept them there for fully five minutes. Gus received a pass almost under his own basket and, with one of his famous dribbles, carried the ball the full length of the floor and scored. He duplicated this play about a minute later and for five or six minutes the black and yellow team ran riot. The "Huskies" braced up toward the end of the half and added a couple of baskets, but their rally was too late and full time found High School leading 32-20. This win is perhaps the most outstanding accomplishment of a High School team in many years, as the "Huskies"—Bob Whyte, Tommy Nute, John Peden, Tom Peden and Cyril Baker are practically the representative city team of last year. In all fairness to these men it must be said that the game with High School was their first game of the year, and therefore they were not in the best condition possible.

Such is the record of the team for the past term. They have played six matches, have won all of them and scored 204 points to their opponents' 95. After the Crusader game an election for captain was held. After two tie votes, Art Webster was named captain and Gus McIntyre vice-captain.

The six boys who have taken the brunt of the work this year are Webster and Forbes at forward, Hartley at centre, McIntyre and Moore at guard, with Allen playing the difficult role of general utility. Both Moore and Allen are, by personal choice, forwards, but, with such a splendid pair as Webster and Forbes there, they have been obliged to drop back, the one to guard and the other to spare, and it is to their great credit that both have done so without a murmur. It speaks volumes for the school spirit of these two boys that they are the most regular attendants at practice. This spirit of working for the team is the spirit that wins games and reflects credit on the general tone of the school.

Intermediate Basketball

Intermediate basketball is rather an innovation at the school and has proved quite a welcome change to both players and spectators. Three games have been played to date, all against the Oak Bay High School. The wearers of Victoria colors have won each game, but never without a good keen match.

The first match, in our gym, was played on October 22 and resulted in a win by 26-13. High School was represented by Gosse, Bird, McGregor, Breckenbridge, Bothwell and Ryan.

The second game, in the Oak Bay gym, was a close game throughout and resulted in a win for Victoria by one point, the score at full time reading 14-13. The Victoria team was composed of Christie, Bothwell, James, May and Murray.

The third and last game was played in V. H. S. gymnasium and resulted in another win for Victoria High School by a score of 24-5. The team was composed of Christie, Bothwell, Lockwood, James and Lewis.

Rugby

The annual game with Vancouver for the Thompson Cup was played at Brockton Point with the King Edward High School team. The day of the game turned out sunny and warm, with the ground in good condition. At 1.50 p.m. the game started, Scott winning the toss. Within five minutes of the kick-off, the Vancouverites made a three-quarters attack, and after a fine run and a desperate resistance, Mahon got over, but they failed to convert. This seemed to put energy in Scott's team, and for nearly twenty-five minutes the forwards fought an equal game with the King Edward team, having the advantage in most of the scrums. The Vancouver halves were slightly superior, but the good tackling of McNamee and Humber, and Scott's kicking, held back their repeated onslaughts. After a gradual retreat to our own touch-line, Penwell, with the aid of some good three-quarter

play, succeeded in getting over, but Ralston failed to convert. This woke Victoria up, and for the remainder of the first half Vancouver was held to her own territory.

The second half opened with forward play, and for some time the ball was kept in mid-field. Mason, a Vancouver forward, intercepting a high pass, dashed down the field to our twenty-five line before "Bal" Straith brought him down with a very spectacular tackle. From the resulting kick, Victoria carried the ball up the field, and by excellent kicking, tackling and running, V. H. S. worked the ball up to the Vancouver territory. Awarded a free kick, Scott tried for goal, but through sheer bad luck failed, and the ball missed the goal by about a foot. A scrum was called soon after, and as soon as the ball was out, the three-quarters received it. McNamee was tackled, but passed to Scott, and the captain got over. Although the kick looked easy, the sun was in Scott's eyes and the ball fell short. A few minutes later, Webster intercepted a pass and nearly got over. The pace seemed to be telling on the Vancouverites, who were not in as good condition as our boys. We were forced to our own twenty-five, but through Hartley's fine kicks the pressure was relieved. Cameron furthered this advantage by dribbling the ball up to Vancouver's twenty-five line, and it looked as if Victoria would even the score when the whistle went. The final score was 6-3 in favor of Vancouver.

The Victoria team consisted of Hartley; Webster, Scott (captain), McNamee and Humber; Heatherbell and McMillan; Bond, Moses, Straith, McCannell, Collison, Tolmie, Givens and Cameron.

Hartley showed his usual coolness at full-back and got off some good kicks. All the three-quarters played well, Scott kicking well, and Humber and McNamee missing few tackles, while Webster made some fine runs. The halves, Heatherbell and McMillan, played a good game, but the Vancouver halves kept them guessing. Bond and Moses were the pick of the forwards, but the others ably backed them up. Victoria High School ought to be proud of her team. They did remarkably well. The Rugby team wishes to take this opportunity of thanking King Edward High School for their wonderful reception and entertainment, and also of thanking the V. H. S. for their interest and support.

Ice Hockey

The prospects in Ice Hockey for the coming season look particularly bright. Since the Arena opened, the boys have been practising regularly on Saturday mornings, and from the material High School should be able to pick a winning team.

McGibbon, a new comer from the Prairies, appears to be the pick of the forward line and he is setting all comers a fast pace. Along with McGibbon, Webster is the speed merchant of the team. Who will make up the remainder of the attacking force is problematical as there are fourteen or fifteen boys to pick from.

The defence also has one or two outstanding players. Kenny

McCannel and Bal. Straith seem the best to date. "Bal" isn't any Norval Baptie on skates, but "Moose" Johnson doesn't stop them any better than "Bal." Kenny has also improved this year and should have a real good season.

The hockey boys are particularly fortunate in having the services of Mr. Cook as coach and general organizer.

"School Spirit"

The various organizations of any institution cannot be maintained without the co-operation and help of every member of that establishment, and this loyalty must be present in every school activity as well as in the class room.

Although a number of students leave the High School every June, their places are filled by the Prelims who enter in September. In a few years these present first year pupils will be Matrics, and some from out their midst will hold the responsible positions of president of the Portia or Beta Delta, they will be playing on the Rugby, basketball and ice hockey teams or be the leading members of the chess club. Everyone cannot hold office, but because one is not the head of an association, he must not think that he is free from any responsibility as to its welfare. The organizations of the Victoria High School will be what **you** make them. If a society is deteriorating and becoming uninteresting, it is the fault of the pupils, who should have supported it.

Unless the boys and girls attend the meetings of the two debating societies or athletic practices, they can't expect to fill these positions with as much efficiency as their predecessors and must necessarily suffer the humiliation of leaving these societies weaker for their term of office.

When your school team goes forward to contest against its rivals, the players need your support from the side lines, and if you haven't gone to the game you cannot help them. When the opponents are stronger and the school team is falling off, a rousing cheer from their supporters and companions will often reinvigorate them and spur them on to victory.

It is the "esprit de corps" in a school that draws the pupils together and uplifts the institution as a whole, until it is recognized as the leading school of the province.

The Victoria High School has the necessary numbers and talent, and if every pupil would give it his support, we feel sure that it would soon rank among the best.

LILLIAN NORRIS.

Teacher (to member of Matric D): "Have you made up your mind to stay in?"

"No, sir, I've made up my face to go out."



IT has been the custom of the Camosun in the past to devote a page or two to clever bits and topics of interest taken from various school papers in Canada and United States. By this means we are not only able to keep in touch with the Great Outside, as far as school activities are concerned, but we are also enabled to compare our magazine with those of other schools, which is not only beneficial, but the interchanges should be stimulating.

The Eugene High School News, one of the most interesting papers received in our Exchange and one which reflects unlimited school spirit and patriotism.

Here is a bit taken from an article urging the school to boost their football team, and might readily be applied to the V. H. S. in reference to the Rugby team—

"We must all believe in our team! It is in splendid shape and will put up a wonderful game, and every one of us students will be behind them, living and thinking the one word **"win."** Let us reverse the decision of last year. Let us put forth every effort on behalf of our team and our school. This is our one big game, and we must show our mettle as never before."

The West Point Crier, a well edited paper, but whose jokes and remarks, although fully appreciated by its own student body, are somewhat obscure to an outsider. We managed to glean this from it—

Sophomore: "Do you have brown neckties to match my eyes?"

Clerk: "No! but we have some soft hats to match your head."

The Ubysey, the B. C. University paper, a well-written and interesting paper—

Smith: "Mr. Brown left his umbrella again. I believe he would leave his head if it was loose."

Jones: "I daresay you are right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."

The Olathean, another extremely interesting paper, exhibiting keen school spirit and loyalty. Now V. H. S. listen to this and get busy—

“Yell, yell.

We have no yell.

But when we yell—

We yell the same thing that has been yelled for the last four or five years.

Do we need yells?

Everybody—Yes! Well, the best thing that can be done is for everyone who is the least bit poetically inclined to get busy and start some of that surplus brain matter working. We need yells and need them badly.”

If the Bison, another of our exchanges, would be published less often, it might gather more stories and articles instead of filling up space with ads and jokes—

The Camosun extends to its exchanges every good wish for the best of good luck and happiness in 1921.

Mottoes and Emblems

In olden days, tribes adopted short, pithy yells for use as battle-cries. These were often about their own achievements or some end which they desired. These old yells were the forerunners of our present-day mottoes.

A representation, suggesting some characteristic of the people of the country, was very often used as a symbol. For example, a lion stood for bravery, and an eagle (the king of the birds) for imperial power. These symbols or emblems were simple or complicated, according to the ingenuity of the designer.

Every school, whose students are interested in its welfare, should have a motto and emblem. These should be worthy and appropriate of the ideals of the school to which they belong. The older institutions have mottoes and emblems which are highly prized by the students, and widely known. Harvard University has for its motto, “Veritas,” and for its emblem an open book. The motto of McGill is “Grandescunt aucta labore,” and its emblem is the martlet.

Why should not Victoria High School have a recognized motto and emblem? Among the eight hundred students surely there is someone who has enough originality and ingenuity to concoct or compound an emblem worthy of the school! After that the motto should be easy. Prelims! Juniors! and perhaps Matrics! here is a chance to make yourself famous! Think up an emblem, make a rough sketch and put it in the Camosun box. If you are not good at emblems, try your hand at a motto, Latin or French by preference, but English is acceptable. The best ones will be published in the next issue of the Camosun.

—TERVO.

Cornelius Clakha: King of the Air

IN order to understand our story properly, it is necessary first of all to know something about our villain, Cornelius Clakha. Cornelius was born in 1925, in Ypztlm, Arizona. While still a lad, he learned to play marbles and to drive his father's aeroplane. However, Cornelius got fed up with life in Arizona, so he kidnapped his father's little two-seated monoplane and hit the trail for adventure.

One day, while he was munching soup-sandwiches in a park, he thought he had better have an education to help him in his quest for adventure. So little Cornelius, then eighteen years of age, went to Stuffem University, where he excelled in Chemistry and played short-stop and goal-keeper for the varsity Rugby team.

When the great Zetziki-American War broke out in 1948, Cornelius procured a novel and precarious position. As he was a native of both the Zetzikial and American races, he was made war correspondent for both armies. His job was to get up in a fast aeroplane above the combating armies and keep each informed of what the other was doing. For these services and for his great bravery he won many medals. Shortly after the war he was out driving one evening with a young lady of Zetziki. Unluckily they had an accident and both fell into the ditch with the aeroplane. But Cornelius had another fall. He fell in love with the lady, Mena Chatzambliki. When they got out of the ditch, he said, "Mena, what wouldst thou of me?" She said, "Thy medals." So he gave her his medals.

When it came to returning home, he found that he could not prove himself to be a returned soldier, so he was forced to work his way back to Arizona as purser on a cattle ship.

But Cornelius fell into bad company. During an expedition to Mars in 1950 he fell in with some radium smugglers, and when the great gasoline shortage came in 1956, he made himself king of the air and the greatest smuggler Mars has ever known. So now to our story.

Fearless Fred Farnol, the six hundred thousand horsepower aerial sleuth, was a member of the "Mars and Jupiter aerial police force." It was his duty to examine all the passports of tourists on Mars and Jupiter from the Earth, and to search their baggage when going to the Earth, for smuggled goods. Fearless Fred had heard of Cornelius and longed for a chance to capture him.

One day in May, 1957, Fred saw Cornelius' swift triplane approaching at two hundred and fifty-one miles an hour. Giving chase, Fred swiftly overhauled Cornelius. At the critical moment, when he was directly above the triplane, Fred lashed the wheel of his own plane, and, clambering down a rope-ladder, dropped on the swiftly rushing wing of the plane piloted by Cornelius. Then ensued a fight too thrilling for words. Fred, after half-an-hour's rough-and-

tumble, put a toe-hold on Cornelius, and managed to handcuff him. By means of his pocket radio-magnet, Fred summoned his own plane alongside; and with great difficulty transferred his prisoner. Seizing the thermos bottle, which instinct told him to be the receptacle of the smuggled goods, he set a time bomb, and after lashing the wheel of the triplane, returned to his monoplane via the rope ladder. A few minutes later the triplane exploded and fell towards Saturn. Fred then returned to Mars with his prisoner, and from there conveyed him to the Earth and New York. At the trial which followed, it was found that the thermos bottle was divided into two compartments, the top one containing cold tea, and the second, gasoline. In the flask was found over three-quarters of the world's supply of gasoline, or one pint and sixteen two-hundredths of a litre, valued at over \$716,352,821.69!

Cornelius was sentenced to life imprisonment, but died in the insane asylum of blood-poisoning, caused by eating highly concentrated dog biscuits. So perish all people by name of Clakha!!

Famous Sayings of Famous People

"I care not a straw."

"Stand ye up, and speak ye out and say what like this is."

"Keep your elbow moving."

"Really class, you **are** dull this morning."

"How many here are absent?"

"It's no use going on, you haven't prepared this lesson."

"Now, you little girl in the back seat."

"Miss ———, **will** you stop talking."

"Now, class, settle down."

"Really, class!!"

"Dr. Emmanuel Bensinger, under whom I sat for four years."

"Now, watch the board, while I run through it."

The girls of Matric B hereby submit this recipe for a perfect lover. (Ingredients may be secured at any moving-picture theatre, wrestling arena, opera house or ringside.)

Take the face of Wallace Reid and the voice of Caruso. Thicken with the body of Elmo Lincoln and stretch to the size of Jess Willard. Mix in the agility of Douglas Fairbanks and the courage of William S. Hart. Dilute the muscles of Jack Dempsey with the disposition of Fatty Arbuckle. Moisten with the spirits of Harold Lloyd. Add a dash of Bothwell Brown. Set on the stove for twenty minutes and let it shimmy. Rub in the mind of D. W. Griffith and the talent of Richard Barthelmess. Stir with the heart of William Farnum, add the strength of Joe Stetcher and the jealousy of Owen Moore. Flavor with the charm of Eugene O'Brien. Cover the whole thing with the luck of Mack Sennett and sprinkle liberally with the income of Charlie Chaplin. Pour carefully into mold and turn right side up. Result—one perfect lover.

Bones

Essay by a Schoolboy

Bones is the lattice-work on which the body grows. If you didn't have sum bones, you would be shaped like a custard py. If I didn't have no bones, I wouldn't have so mutch shape as I now have, and I would not have so mutch motion, and teacher would be pleased, but I like to have motion, 'specially in this pay-as-you-enter suit Ma hired for me. Bones gimme motion, because they are somethin' hard for motion to cling to. If I had no bones, my brane, lungs, heart and blood would be lyin' around loose in me, all mixed up like the readin' mater in a yellow journal, and I would get hurted, but now only my bones get hurted. If my bones wuz stuck together with wire in the right places, it would make a skeleton. I am mighty glad my skeleton was put 'on the "inside" before I wuz finished, 'cause it looks better there. If my bones wuz on the outside, an' I fell down, I would brake everything in the place. Some animals wear their skeletons on the outside. I'm glad I ain't them animals. Onct I went to the circus and seen a livin' skeleton. He looked like his folks didn't keep house, but boarded sum place.

If my bones wuz burned, I should be brittle, because it would take all the animal out of me. If I wuz soaked in acid, I should be limber. Teacher showed me a bone that had been soaked, and I could bend it. I should rather be soaked than burned.

There is a grate menny different kinds of bones. There is the crazy bone, the wish bone, the soup bone, the trombone, the bone spavin and the backbone. The backbone is sitcher-t-vated just inside the peel on the other side from the front side and is filled with rubber.

There is another bone called the skull. Sometimes there is branes on the inside of the skull.

Bones don't grow solid like the limbs on a tree, 'cause they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. There is a good menny kinds of joints. They grease themselves and don't squeak. You can move 'cause you have joints. There is a joint that don't seem like a joint. It is in the skull. It has to be there to occupy the branes and let the head out in the mornin', 'cause sum men no more in the mornin' than they did the nite before comin' home in the tox-i-cab. That's all.

PRELIM E

It is Miss Irene Bick,
And she stops Miss Dean and Miss Leigh;
Says "Dot," "I'm in an awful rush,
Oh, wherefore stoppest thou me!"
Miss Irene Bick 'gan gasp aloud,
Then all her eyes rolled she;
She stared at them, at last it came—
"I've lost my locker key!"

The Chess Club

Perhaps you have noticed, at twelve o'clock, several individuals of the male species who have dashed out of their class-room, sprinted for their lockers, heaved in their books and hauled out their lunches, hit the high spots for the lunch room, taken a bite and a drink (less than 2½%) and jumped twelve steps at a time on the journey upstairs. These strange creatures, whose king and liege lord is our basketball star, Angus McIntyre, are the followers of the noble art of chess. We wish them good luck!

Some people have a funny idea that chess is a game which takes brains. How could it, when people such as Bothwell, Moore and Pillar indulge in it? Chess, however, tends to develop brains. It is a game requiring thought. A thoughtless person always loses at chess. The chess club has been rather unfortunate in some ways. Someone is taking advantage of the club and breaking the furniture, the result being blame for the club and the suspension of the use of Room 9. However, the club gets along nicely in the Library.

Chess has its amusing side also. On entering the Library the other day, I was forcibly hit by the following:—Christie was playing Bothwell. Bothwell was saying, "You poor yap! don't you know that a pawn can't move like a rook and that the knight doesn't move the length of the board diagonally?" Gus McIntyre works his games systematically. He lines up the fanatics who wish to play him, and, calling up the first one, starts a game. After three moves, he whispers "checkmate," and Stan Moore departs, the next in the line taking his place. Nugent W. Spinks, trying to imitate his king and liege lord, moves his queen up a space and also yells "checkmate." Jack Elford, undisturbed, promptly removes Spinks' queen with a pawn, whereupon Spinks remarks, "Dash it, I didn't see that!" Bill Lockwood and Doug Smith are moving pawns and knights around as if they were bishops and rooks, and their king like queens. But best of all are the "heavenly twins," Larsen Wright and Bill Shenk, who, not content with taking each others kings, are still playing, Bill having two pawns and a knight left, while Larsen has only a pawn and a rook.

Why not draw up a chess tournament? It could easily be played, as, if there was not time to play the game one day at noon, the positions of the men could be marked down and the game continued the next day.

DIVISION 27

Miss Elford (meditating aloud): "Love makes the world go round; I'm feeling kind of dizzy myself"—reason unknown.

An old lady, after waiting in a confectionery store for about ten minutes, grew grossly impatient at the lack of service. Finally she rapped sharply on the counter, "Here, young lady," she called, "who waits on the nuts?"

Autumn in the North

In the most northern reaches of British Columbia, where the Caribou roam in giant herds over the level muskogs, or cross the frozen vastness of the mountain wastes, Autumn comes like a thief in the night and steals the transient season of sunshine away. At the first whisper of September the magic of the North changes the leaves into wonderful shades, rivalling those of the rainbow, the mosses and lichens, of a more sombre hue, setting them off in high relief.

The life of the forest recognizes the change, and during the few days of Indian Summer the woods ring with the lively chatter of myriads of squirrels, while the more secretive creatures are just as lively and happy in their own way.

After two glorious weeks, which are unequalled by any others in the whole year, the night comes on with a deathlike stillness and as midnight approaches the stars seem to hang right out of the sky, so clear is the frosty atmosphere. Suddenly a greenish light appears on the northern horizon, quickly followed by shooting streamers which dart to the zenith, ever flickering and changing, until finally they form a giant dome with the apex directly overhead.

The display lasts for several hours, but finally your excitement, which the display invariably causes, is overcome by the drowsiness, inspired by the open air, and you drop off to sleep, only to awake at daylight and find that incomparable autumn obliterated by a blanket of snow.

ANDREW ROBERTSON.

"Silence"

Snowflakes, snowflakes, softly falling,
Covering all the world with white;
Oh, what hosts of tender mem'ries
You call back to me tonight!

For you cover trees and fences,
Making all a wond'rous sight;
Till the old brown earth is mantled
In a robe of purest white.

All is silent—yet the silence
Speaks of more than words can tell,
For o'er all who may be lonely,
Silence casts a friendly spell.

And unless you have been lonely,
Oh, how lonely no one knows—
You can never, never feel
The sympathy that silence throws.

HANNAH FRACEY.



MATRIC A

Minds all working hard,
And pens and pencils, too;
Though it's all a fraud,
Resulting badly, too,
In a most amazing way,
Considering all we do;

And then we're thought to be so wise,
And all because—"You'd be surprised!"

We welcome a new member to our class—Miss Dorothy Parson, of Golden, B. C.

Our latest Theorem, number 1920, is:—"It is required to prove that Antonio is 'the semblance of Portia's soul.'"

N.B.—Axiom I. is used in the proof (also Th.40, according to Webster).

Some people seem to have the idea that Matric A does nothing but **study**. It is quite true that we study, but we also take a keen interest in the school activities, and do our part in supporting them, as may be seen from the following list:—**Art Webster**—Captain of the boys' senior basketball team and also a member of the Rugby team. **Norman Forbes**—One of the star basketball players on the senior team; also one of the Prefects for our class. **Mike Allen**—A member of the V. H. S. senior basketball team. **Miss Lilian Norris**—Associate editor for the Camosun. **Bert Tervo**—Also an associate editor on the Camosun staff. **Miss Kathleen Jackson**—The Portia representative for the Camosun. **Miss Marjorie Bell**—Who plays in the orchestra and takes part in debates at Portia meetings. **Miss Noble**, **Miss Patullo**, and **Robert Meldram** are the three other Prefects for Matric A. Who says we do nothing but study!

Ode to an Old Friend (?)

Here are the remains of an old French gramma,
Who finds it very hard on his old legs to stanna;
For would you know why;

His young mistress, so shy,
Has treated him in a rough manna!

—E. D.

MATRIC B

George Copas, our bashful lad,
Speaks of the girls he (never) had.
However, 'tis said, truth will out;
So does George Copas when no one's about.

Wanted—

- (1) For Shaw—an antidote for "Please, sir, I don't know that."
- (2) For Miss Hardisty—an unsqueakable desk.
- (3) For Edwardson—an Ostermoor mattress and two cushions, so that he may sleep more comfortably in Room 10.
- (4) For Miss Davies—a silencer.
- (5) To know what Miss Swannell uses to make her hair grow.
- (6) For Miss Blythe — automatic sleeping powders.

Matric B boasts five prefects, including the long and the short of that honorable institution, namely, Miss Daniels and Miss Davies.

It might be said that in some of our rooms we talk in our sleep.

Room (?)—The Land of the Lotos-eaters.

Room (?)—Matric B in Wonderland.

Room (?)—Religious relapses.

Notice—Anyone taking our seats in the auditorium will be severely sat upon.

Favorite sayings of people in the limelight:—

"Have I got too much on?"

"Oh, say! I don't know a thing!"

Mr. G——: "I don't see why that angle is parallel to that angle."

"Did **you** do your Latin?"

"We obviously assshume that undoubtedly you will stay in at 3.15."

There was a young Matric tough,
While mixing some chemistry stuff,
Touched a match to a vial,
And after a while,
They found his front teeth and a cuff.

McLean has been described as our dainty little darling.

Musical Note—Smith will drink soup in a down-town restaurant at 7 o'clock tonight.

Miss Byrne and Miss Gillam, mathematics tutors, state that they will be open for business up until the exams.

Mary had a little lamb,
Small portion, we confess;
And every time she orders now
She has a little less.

Coquettish

The fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on its digit. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

Found on Miss Velma Miller's desk in room 17:—Dear Miss Miller—Chaps say that you like me! Do you?. Burke.

Waites, on being asked by a certain teacher what he was laughing at, answered that he wasn't laughing at anything. Waites was quietly told that there was a place in New Westminster for those people who laugh at nothing.

Dame Rumor reports that the noisy cow pastured near the school belongs to Miss Grubb.

MATRIC C

Savage—Quite harmless. Humber—A modern Launcelot. "Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post?" Miss Legg—Commonly known as "Tibby." The most popular member of our class. Kinloch—A dainty wayside flower. Miss McGibbon—A perfect prefect who has made some happy soul miserable. Clarke (A)—The main stay of our orchestra. Miss Curtis—Which tastes better, Ruth, your thumb or your locket? Elford—Our illustrious "kewpie"; his seat certainly groans beneath him. Bird—The class flashlight; here one minute, gone the next. Lore—Can't afford to loose his beauty sleep and so he frequently drops off to slumberland during class periods. Plenderleith is noted for his brilliant French translation, for one day he translated "Vous avez une mine fraiche," "You have red hair." Miss Cullum—Roll her eyes? I'll say she can. Hartley—A very learned-looking individual—a modern Socrates. Clarke (W.)—Appropriately called "Sweet William."

Proctor. "I am getting a big boy now."

McGregor: "I'm a-weary, a-weary, would to God that I were dead."

MATRIC D

"Miss Starr," said Lockwood, severely, "You should avoid even the appearance of evil."

"Why, Lockwood, what do you mean?" asked Miss Starr.

"I observed that on your sideboard you have several cut-glass decanters, and that each of them is half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"Well, now, Lockwood, it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard that I filled them half full with some floor stain and furniture polish, just for the sake of appearance."

"That's why I'm cautioning you, Miss Starr. Feeling a trifle faint I helped myself to a dose from the big bottle in the middle."

Some of the Staff had their pictures taken outside the school. The whole "West End" seemed very interested, but Latin was of greater importance to Matric D.

By the way, "possibly, I say possibly," the cow may have got in that picture. Blessed nuisance if it did.

It is rumored that Mary Hill has taken to collecting "manuscripts." If she needs a librarian, she'll have to "Waite."

Everything seems to be a hum-dinging about Matric D these days. It reminds one of the farm when Jimmie Givens and Bal Straith try their "cackling" contests, and when "Dorg" Smith barks at Elford playing "Ja-da" on his desk, accompanied by Miss Laing singing "Old Laing Syne," and when Miss Pottinger starts those Well! Well! Wells—we almost imagine the n-ice cold water. Everything would be all right about the farm part of it if Kenny would only find that lost cat which is supposed to be "mewing" about the corridors. In Mr. C——'s room, Wade is very often seen looking through the window. I suppose he is admiring the cow pastured outside, which is fondly supposed to belong to the agriculturalists. Look out, Edgar, it might "crow," and scare you to death!

Spinks claims a man's only chance to get ahead in this world is to be born with one.

Everybody in Matric D knows Spinks speaks truly when it comes to Geometry.

Gee! We wonder what it feels like to be a "genius." Eh, Bal!

It is rumored that Paul (everybody knows Paul) goes to church.

Motto: Never get near a Camosun reporter when you're thinking out loud. (What was overheard.):—

Last night I held a little hand,

So dainty and so neat;

I thought my heart would burst with joy,

So wildly did it beat.

No other hand unto my soul

Could greater solace bring,

Than what I held last night, which was

Four Aces and a King.

MATRIC E

Matric E has certainly got some class. There are at present forty-eight members and the leaders of the membership campaign are still going strong.

Math Teacher: "What's the matter M——?"

M——: "You show awfully poor judgment in setting a Mathematics paper. I can't do any of these."

Ella Kelsey. A quiet, demure little maid, although she does wear scarlet paper ribbons.

Gladys Walter. Our budding authoress. Prefect and member of Camosun staff, but a good sport for a' that.

Kathleen Cowper. Our impulsive child.

Irene Frost. Not so cold as her name implies.

Bess Maxwell+Alice Fairclough=Chumps=p.

Dorothy Brooks. Notre petite danseuse. Our most accomplished Botanical student (?)

Pillar. You have a good constitution, for, even though exposed to Mathematics, you don't take it.

Bassett. I would suggest you see an optician. The nerves of your eyes have gone, causing them to drop, alternately, when you look at certain people.

McMillan. Be careful, Ben, your neck will soon grow in a turned position, or else become rubber. Wonder what the attraction is!

Neroutsos. Flowers are to look and smell sweet; not to throw.

Collison. Stop jazzing out of the auditorium. You are a Matric!

Bond. He eats Euclid's offerings alive. If we had to forfeit our "Bond," we would lose a whole lot.

Robertson. Who claims to know more than Shakespeare.

McGary. He goes into the gymnasium and "tumbles" the Geometry out of his mind.

Cochrane. Our French genius. Charlie can "parlez-vous" to perfection. Waddington is his only equal. They call each other awful names during the French period.

Battrick. He parts his hair in the morning and it doesn't vary .005 of an inch all day.

Hughes. Bill is our "Jazz Baby." He is always singing something—"Such harmony (?) is in immortal souls."

Tom and Bill are always coming to verbal disagreements. We fear that some day they will come to blows. General enunciation—Tom and Bill went up the hill to fetch a pail of lead. Particular enunciation—Tom came wandering down the hill with a hole in the back of his head. It is required to prove what happened to Bill.

Miss Easel. Always playing a trick on somebody. It is also her duty to see that Miss Brooks gets from one class to another in safety.

JUNIOR A

Noreen Keown. Our class artist and especially gifted during Algebra period— "And over those ethereal eyes

The bar of Michael Angelo."

Muriel Bowes. We are compelled to remind Miss Bowes that even if she doesn't like the house, there is no need for her to break the furniture. She occasionally forgets herself during Geometry period.

Mamie Pollock. The mathematical genius of Junior A—

"By her, frivolity downward is hurled.

Revelling in Euclid—dead to the world."

Our Boys

(To be sung to the tune of "Three Blind Mice")

Five poor boys, five poor boys.

See how they quake, they can't keep awake

They button their coats up and straighten their ties.

Look out the windows and up to the skies.

For twenty-six girls are too much for their eyes—

Poor lone boys!



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JUNIOR C

F. Tolmie. Fraser is the smallest member of our class. The other day the following incident occurred in the Chemistry room:—
Chem. Teacher: "What is a vacuum?"

Tolmie. "I have it in my head, but I can't think of it, sir."

R. Bagshawe. Ralph is Tolmie's No. 2, and is the only one in the class who is not afraid of him— " 'E's little, but 'e's wise."

C. Lewis. Cecil is our most popular boy. He is also very popular with the girls, especially a certain Miss M——

"There's a little bit of bad in every good little boy."

JUNIOR D

Smith has been offering all manner of inducements to certain members of the class in order to obtain from them sundry French translations. Rumor has it that he offered Marchbank seven lessons in voice culture for one French exercise.

Stewart: "How is it that Miss Foster is and is not sister to Foster?"

The victim: "I give up."

Stewart: "Well, isn't he her Foster-brother?"

Occupations as taken from answered questionnaires—

Green: I intend to enter into a life-long partnership with a Baker. (One of his lo(a)ves, no doubt.)

Sivertz: An inventor. (Of what, lies? Oh, surely not, Ben!)

Johns: A botanist. (Surely truth is stranger than fiction.)

Teacher, to Higgins: "What is a kilometer?"

Higgins. "A hundred feet."

Taylor (sotto voce): "No, that would be a centipede."

PRELIM A

Miss Hamilton: "I know a girl that got a pearl out of an oyster."

Mr. Lock: "That's nothing; my sister got a diamond necklace out of a lobster."

Miss McLean (translating Latin): "Caesari erat bone leges."
"Caesar had bony legs."

A striking photograph has been secured of the honorable Max Maynard as a baby. Looking at the picture we are not surprised that Maynard is such a charming, smiling young fellow.

In Algebra, the teacher, after receiving several wrong answers from Tommy Wachter, remarked: "You don't want to be a lunatic, do you."

T. Wachter. "Don't know, sir, I was thinking of being a teacher."

Miss Slater. "I smell wood burning."

Maynard: "Oh, yes, Wachter has a fever!"

Geiger (referring to the war): "To be in preparedness is to be in arms."

Miss Jones: "I love to be in preparedness."

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PRELIM B

Grace Carveth and Muriel Gary are the illuminated heads who bravely lead Div. 15 on to French—

"He is bravest, he who leads us."

Doris Ford had a little engine trouble in Latin the other day, but it was soon overcome when her instructor found the missing screw in the Latin word *Regibus*.

Teacher: "What is the industry that the Japs and Chinese have gained control of in this Province?"

Margaret McIntyre (absently): "Tea gardens."

PRELIM C

In spite of disagreeable weather, some twenty-four bold spirits of this class ventured forth for a hike on November 13th. Meeting at the residence of the hostess and chaperone, Mrs. Clarke, the giddy group started on the awful march. Upon ascending some stairs, the city collection of drink was inspected. After long and wonderful explanations as to its functions, a hazy knowledge was obtained. Leaving the reservoir, the surrounding country was thoroughly explored and during this period the wilds of Africa was the topic of conversation. As fatigue crept over the marauders, tracks were made for the rendezvous, where a refreshing tea was served. After assuring the hostess that only a chauffeur or ice-skates were necessary to complete a perfect day, the weary party dispersed.



The Prelim: it's hard to know whether to believe in him or not

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Teacher: "Miss Jones, explain Babylonish jargon."

Miss Jones: "Baby talk."

Teacher: "Miss S——, give an axiom."

Miss S——: "Halves of equal halves are equal to equal quarters."

Exit Miss S——.

Basketball

All those who attended a girls' basketball game a few Thursdays since, will doubtless admit that they had a wonderful time watching some wonderful players stage a wonderful game. The team which we were to "beat" was Division 17. As our team had not practised once, we fully expected a victory, and we got just as many goals as we expected. The forwards **always** passed the ball to the centres, the guards **always** played forward; the centre worked awfully hard, though, and fainted as a result of her men's poor playing. But just you wait, Division 17, we'll give you —————

TECHNICAL 1

In picturing this class, which is second to none,

We hope you will recognize "Technical 1."

There's Patrick and Peterson, very bright boys,

And Hansen, who's always accompanied with toys.

Our register teacher's an excellent man;

Our questions he answers (whenever he can).

There's Carey, Coates, Miller, the stars of our class,

Sallaway and Tervo, they're all very fast.

For a sportsman, McCallum would be hard to beat;

McClennan is also quite fast on his feet.

Now Turner, an excellent dancer is he,

Which point our good teacher was not slow to see.

Poor Lee, as a student gets really quite bored,

And we wonder what Riddell just did with his Ford.

To name our whole number would take too much time.

So now I must finish this semblance of rhyme.

Lost!! Two drill periods. Finder please return to Division 26, where he will be rewarded with two Geometry periods.

Literature certainly has no qualms for Henry Lee. He quietly goes to sleep during this period. A good case of presence of body but absence of mind.

We have with us this year Reggie Shanks from Saanich. A good sport, with lots of pep. His one strong (?) point is Algebra. He also revels in Geometry (?)

Will some kind reader please ask Crawford why he does not play Rugby. Speaking of toothpicks . . . 'nuff sed. (No offence.)

One of our noted confederates this year is Elmer Knight. He excels in football and is a most celebrated gymnast. Elmer has to ride in from Cordova Bay every morning. Don't you envy him. Wait! we didn't say what he rode in. Right! it's a Studebaker.

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VOCATIONAL A

One day **Nachtrieb** thought he would go to **O'Connell's** fire sale, opposite **Hall's** drug store, so he got into a **Mitchell "6"** equipped with a **Stewart** vacuum feed, and drove **North-east** across point **Ellis** bridge. Near the other side he ran over a bunch of sharp **Keys** (not mentally so) and sustained a puncture; a nearby black-**Smith** said he **Wood** fix it with a **Hank** of cord. **Nachtrieb**, thinking his troubles were over, started off amid the bright **Sunshine**, humming a song taught him by a **French Tanner**. While traversing Government Street his car hit a **Bullock**. "**Wheeler** home, James," he roared, "And I'll give you **Crab** salad and **Logan** berries for dinner, flavored with **Campbell's** soup." Suddenly the gas tank sprang a **Leek** and the resourceful James plugged it with an onion. "Good boy," said **Nachtrieb**, "here's a nickel; go and buy some McDonald's cut plug." The chauffeur was so happy that he started to dance. A nearby **Fisher** saw him and said you can't **Skip-worth** a cent. James, enraged, threw a dead **Fox** at the insistent fisher and at the same time his foot caught in a **Hole** in the road and he fell down, taking a chip off his brittle **Beak**. On coming to, his first words were, "**Weir** the Sam **Hughes** am I!"

COMMERCIAL D

Browne: "Dropped his Ingersoll on the floor in front of a Matric."

Matric: "Didn't it stop?"

Browne: "Sure, do you think it kept on going through?"

Barclay Senior. "Dave, the alarm has gone off!"

Dave Barclay: "I hope it has gone for good."

McCann: "Mother won't let me have the car any more, Dave."

Dave: "Why?"

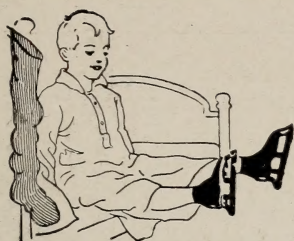
McCann: "Because I forgot to sweep the hairpins out of the back seat."

Taylor, who is one of the best in English, at a dance one day, said to a girl a few years his senior, "Say, kid, can I borrow your frame for the next wiggle?"

Mildred-Kelly. Mildred's bright and serene disposition has made her very popular among the girls of our class, and we may also say that her dictionary is always in great demand.

Betty Thompson. Betty may be the smallest pupil in the class, but we're saying that she knows how to discuss politics.

As a result of an accident during a basketball game between our division and division 24, we are all very sorry to say that our class captain, Bessie Wallace, received a sprained ankle. We all hope for her speedy recovery and wish to see her back at school again soon, well and happy as usual.



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Song of the Suffering Partials

(Chorus—sing sweet and low.)

Partials may come, and Partials may go,
 And Partials may live on for ever;
 But whenever you come or wherever you go.
 You never will find, if you search high and low,
 Partials like us, grouped together.

(First verse—sing very softly; in a raucous voice.)

Calm evening, hail storms or houses on fire
 Couldn't disturb our charming Miss Dwyer.
 St. Peter himself, if he had the high jinks,
 Wouldn't begin to compare with Miss Hincks.
 You've heard, I've no doubt, of Jack and the beanstalk;
 But that fable's got nothin' on the way Miss McQueen talks.
 I guess we all know that to learn is to worry,
 But for full facts and details just ask Queenie Murray.
 Was it Shakespeare who wrote about Maude in the garden?
 I don't know for sure, but I'll ask Maude McLaren.
 School books and Bolshies are useless, so think us—
 That notion was thrust on our minds by Miss Menkus.
 That typing and shorthand are only a myth,
 Is the one dearest thought of Evelyn Smith.
 Home-made dumplings and raspberry jelly
 Are the two fond companions of Louise Zarelli.
 Why is it that people in this world look so sad?—"Oh,
 Blame it on shorthand!" says quiet Miss Haddow.
 Knowledge of all things earthly reflects
 From the placid features of Gwen Pontifex.
 And now that my rhyme has come to its close,
 If you don't like it, don't turn up you're nose.
 For:

(Chorus—sing with plenty of emotion.)

Partials may come, and Partials may go, etc.

DIVISION 28

In the first reel the villain (Cummins) threw the heroine (Miss Tooley) in front of a train. In the second he shoved her off a boat; in the third he locked her in a room and set fire to the place; in the fourth he asked, "Why do you distrust me so, Miss Tooley!"

Irate occupant of last seat in fourth row: "Look here, teacher, somebody has stolen Miss Fisher."

Teacher (hopefully): Let me see, now, are you sure you had her when you came in here.

"And when I kissed her, I smelled tobacco on her lips." "Do you object to kissing a girl who smokes?" "No, but you see she doesn't smoke."

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